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1. Brasov: Where Queen Marie Urges a New Capital for Rumania.
2. Seaplanes to Bring Hobart, Tasmania, 12 Hours Nearer Australia.
3. Iceland to Heat House of Parliament with Hot Springs.
4. France from a Cherbourg-Paris Boat-Train.
5. Vigo: Port of Spanish Armadas of Commerce.

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NOT PORCUPINES BUT ICELAND PONIES BRINGING HOME THE HAY

(See Bulletin No. 3)

HOW TEACHERS MAY OBTAIN THE BULLETINS

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Brasov: Where Queen Marie Urges a New Capital for Rumania

TO AMERICAN ears the suggestion of Queen Marie of Rumania to build a new capital at Brasov comes as news. Americans think of Bucharest as "the Paris of the Balkans," possessing most of the essentials for a capital city.

In Rumania the proposal to establish the government headquarters at Brasov has been discussed in recent years, as J. Theodore Marriner points out in a communication to the *National Geographic Magazine*.

"Brasov, a town of some 60,000 inhabitants, has been suggested as a capital for the new and greater Rumania," Mr. Marriner writes, "and it has much to recommend it, being almost in the center of the country, easily defended, having the charm of age and tradition and room for expansion in the surrounding plain.

People of Brasov Have German Saxon Blood in Veins

"Nevertheless, the tourist cannot but be grateful that nothing has as yet come of a project which would annihilate an ancient Saxon border stronghold amid Frenchified public buildings, such as modern architects would be likely to erect to house the official departments of this highly centralized government.

"Unaware of an impending fate that might bring financial prosperity and aesthetic ruin, the city glistens in the sun as the motor coasts from the Predeal Pass into the suburbs. Wide, mountainous streets are lined with neatly painted, light-blue and chrome-yellow one-story houses, attached to one another by elaborate area gateways, all shut.

"The streets narrow toward the center of the town and lead to King Ferdinand Square, in which stands the Renaissance Town Hall, built in the fifteenth century and remodeled with baroque fervor in 1777.

A National Costume Unchanged for Six Centuries

"Here are held the markets, which bring together a rich variety of racial and national types. The burghers of the town are Saxons who have been settled in the city for 600 years. Despite this long separation from the homeland, closest connection with it has been maintained.

"The present-day citizens of Brasov look not unlike German university students, no trace of centuries of battles with the heathen gleams in their spectacled eyes, and no frontiersman's freedom of motion betrays itself through their stiff-cut clothes. Blond they are and blue-eyed, but they are obliged to yield in freshness of complexion to their rustic cousins of near-by agricultural villages.

"This prosperous farmer folk drive into town in springless carts, dressed in a national costume which has remained practically unchanged since they came from Franconia six centuries ago.

"The men wear full-length, flaring, single-breasted coats of dark blue, heavily braided across the chest, with a small, flat, soft hat, which on festal occasions is decorated with two heavy tassels lying on the shoulders.

If Married, Women Bind Hair in Silk Handkerchief

"The everyday attire of the women is a tight bodice of dark color, flaring skirts, and many petticoats of another dark shade braided in a brilliant hue. If married, they bind their hair so as to conceal every vestige of it in a silk handker-

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HOBART AND MOUNT WELLINGTON: TASMANIA

With Mount Wellington as a striking background and the Derwent River as its foreground, Hobart, the capital of Tasmania, is one of the most picturesquely situated cities of the southern world. Founded in 1804, it now has a population of 52,000 and is a highly progressive municipality (see Bulletin No. 2).

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Seaplanes to Bring Hobart, Tasmania, 12 Hours Nearer Australia

HOBART, capital of Tasmania, is twelve hours nearer Australia with the establishment of seaplane service. The flying route from Wilson's Promontory, Australia, to Hobart is 293 miles and will be traversed by the seaplane in three hours.

Flying service will put Australian cities in closer touch with their "New England." The geographical positions that Hobart and Sydney and Melbourne occupy in this part of the world can be better understood if we compare them to American cities.

Sydney roughly corresponds in latitude with Charleston, South Carolina, and Melbourne with Richmond, Virginia. Hobart is 600 miles farther south than Sydney and 400 miles farther south than Melbourne. Hobart, near the southernmost part of Tasmania, is in a latitude corresponding to Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Resembles Old England More than New England

Climate does not slavishly follow latitude changes, however. Tasmania has a much more temperate climate than our New England because of the moist "Westerlies" that blow over it from the Indian Ocean. Old England gives the best idea of Tasmania. The island's temperature and atmosphere are remarkably like that of the southern portion of the British Isles. It is climatically more pleasant, however, for while having an ample rainfall it lacks the clammy mistiness of England at certain seasons.

Hobart, like its sister capitals, Sydney and Melbourne, has an excellent harbor. The city lies on the estuary of the Derwent River a few miles from the sea. Ships of ordinary tonnage can utilize the city quays, and just outside the estuary is huge, protected Storm Bay in which the largest battleships may anchor with safety.

The city has a population of 52,000. In recent years the water power of Tasmania's Great Lake, 60 miles from Hobart, has been harnessed. Electrical energy brought to the city gives Hobart one of the cheapest supplies of current among the cities of the world. Use of the current for operating factories is beginning, and it is thought that Hobart has a promising industrial future.

Hobart's Docks Explain Tasmania's Nickname, "Jamland"

The Hobart electric street railway furnishes a novel sight to Americans. The cars are huge double-deckers—awkward looking conveyances. Instead of using interior car-cards, the advertisers of Hobart plaster their ads on the outside of the cars, a custom that prevails also in England.

Hobart's docks tell the story of Tasmania's great variety of products. Cases of jam and canned fruits for the breakfast tables of Old England testify why one of Tasmania's nicknames is "Jamland." Bales of wool show how the poorer soils of the uplands are utilized. Barrels and boxes of apples are being loaded in season for shipment to South Africa and the British ports, and some of the island's many valuable ores also find their way out to the world through the Derwent. The valley north of Hobart is a fine hops country. During the harvest

chief on top of which is perched a sailor hat like the mode of the nineties in America.

"On great holidays this costume is exchanged for heavy damask with a long white apron, while about the waist is clamped a silver-gilt belt with heavy bosses studded with glass or semi-precious stones, and ornaments of the same fine workmanship adorn the bodice and fasten the embroidered fillet binding the hair.

"The silver-gilt work is the principal handicraft of the Saxon population, and some fine specimens may be seen in the Museum opposite the Black Church, which dominates the town.

Black Church—Because It Was Never Properly Cleaned after Fire

"This edifice derives its name from the fact that it was burned about 1689 and never properly scoured since. The result is both dour and impressive. It is a good example of fifteenth-century Gothic, without any tower.

"The interior, though marred in the early zeal of the Reformation by the destruction of all the stained glass and the removal of images, is still a colorful sight, due to the superb collection of small oriental rugs which hang over the balconies, from the back of the choir stalls, and which decorate pulpit and chancel.

"These woven prisms of the past owe their presence to the rivalry of the guilds at Brasov in the Middle Ages, when that city was the center of trade with Turkey coming over the Sinaia Pass. Each guild, desirous of outdoing its neighbor, hung its pews with the finest rugs obtainable.

Church Owns Fine Collection of Oriental Rugs

"The societies were long ago disbanded and the burghers are buried beneath the stone floor of the church, but these works of oriental hands still give color to a building made barren by the Reformation.

"There are more than 200 pieces in this collection, and, while many show signs of neglect, most of them are in excellent condition. There can be little doubt that this church houses one of the finest collections of rugs in the world.

"The other architectural feature of the town is the castle which crowns a hill just north of the center—a fortress with picturesque walls built in 1553 by Count Arco to defend the city against the Voivode Peter of Wallachia and now used as a military school. The promenade along the terrace before the castle affords a magnificent view across the Burzen plain."

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Iceland to Heat House of Parliament with Hot Springs

REYKJAVIK, capital of Iceland, will heat its House of Parliament, schools, and homes by novel and economical methods if the program of the Prime Minister meets with success.

Coal is expensive to people living in a land of such limited resources as Iceland. Therefore, citizens of Reykjavik have looked about them for a fuel substitute native to the island and have decided to use hot water from near-by hot springs. Hot springs close to the town are capable of supplying heat equivalent to 20,000 tons of fuel annually. If the project is successful, heat from more distant springs will be brought to the capital.

Reykjavik means "smoking creek." There are many hot springs near the city, as there are in many parts of volcanic Iceland. A characteristic sight in the Icelandic capital is the procession of women carrying tubs and clothes going to and from this natural laundry.

Capital the Only City in All Iceland

Reykjavik is near the southwestern corner of the island, facing Greenland. This community of 15,000 inhabitants is the only place on the island that can claim the title "city."

Throughout the 1,050 years of Iceland's occupancy by people of European race, it has been practically a country without cities. Life has centered in the scattered farmsteads, many of which to-day are feudal establishments, sufficient to themselves. Farm buildings are encased in sod and appear to be set partly in the ground.

Reykjavik has been called by one unsympathetic visitor "the ugliest city in Europe"; but Icelanders can deny the charge both on the technical ground that it isn't in Europe and on the solider ground that recent years have brought improvement in appearance.

Corrugated Sheet Iron Houses Vanishing

During Iceland's long, townless period Reykjavik was a tiny fishing village and local trading center. When it began growing, the lack of timber in Iceland made necessary the use of corrugated sheet iron. The resulting buildings were not attractive. There is still a "tinny" look to parts of the capital, but many substantial buildings have arisen, including the large stone House of Parliament. Tied down for centuries by galling trade monopoly laws, Iceland has won almost complete independence in recent years. It is associated with Denmark now under what amounts to a voluntary and limited partnership.

No grain can be grown because of the short growing season. The farmers raise turnips and potatoes but give most of their attention to hay and their herds of cattle and ponies and their flocks of sheep. Fishing is carried on along the coasts. Another industry of importance is the collection of eiderdown from nests of the eider duck.

Bulletin No. 3, March 7, 1927.

season thousands of residents of Hobart go into the fields to help to gather the crop.

Near Hobart in 1876 the last of the Tasmanian aborigines died. These people were among the lowest types of humans ever found by explorers. They were much more backward even than the Australian aborigines. The skeleton of the last Tasmanian has been preserved in the Hobart Museum.

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A BIT OF SAXONY SURVIVING IN TRANSYLVANIA

The lace apron worn by the housewife and the floral designs on the embroidered bed cover are distinguishing marks of the Saxon. Rumanian designs are nearly always variations of geometrical figures. The embroidered legend on the back wall is in German, not Rumanian (see Bulletin No. 1).

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France from a Cherbourg-Paris Boat-Train

ONE OF THE main roads to Paris which will be traveled by thousands of Americans this summer leads from the harbor of Cherbourg. The train which one boards at Cherbourg is a "boat-train," a special made up to leave shortly after the arrival of a transatlantic liner. It takes travelers with as little delay as possible to the place they are all eagerness to reach—Paris.

As the train crawls out of the town one begins to see touches unmistakably French: the railway workers in blue blouses, loose corduroy trousers, and the inevitable caps; queer, squat little box cars with French signs painted on them; great piles of coal dust and finished coal briquets; cars switched by horses hitched tandem.

One passes a huge bluff of rakishly tipped rock strata with old fortifications on top. The train gathers speed, and soon one is in the country bowling along at a good speed through a region not much different from many sections of America.

All Houses Are Built of Stone

But certain differences do stand out. One sees only an occasional isolated farmhouse. Most of the fields and pastures, hedge enclosed, have no buildings upon them. None of the houses are of wood. All are solidly built of stone. Near them are miscellaneous little outhouses roofed with sod. In the farmyards the two-wheeled carts seem to crouch, their shafts extending upward at a sharp angle.

There are practically no grade crossings; most of the roads are carried across the tracks on brick or stone bridges. The telegraph poles are different. The wooden cross-arms of America are missing. Instead dozens of little metal brackets extend outward from the sides of the posts, from near the ground to the top, each supporting a single wire.

One is about to pay his compliments to France on the absence of billboards when one flashes into view. It is reasonably small. A few miles farther on one sights another advertising chocolate. But, modified, the compliment persists. At least there are few billboards. There are not scores of sawed-out cows, cigarette boxes, and bottles to hide the countryside; no acres of gaudy painted boards singing the virtues of every conceivable commodity from chewing gum and dog biscuits to bed springs and automobile tires.

French Harvest Limbs of Trees Each Year

The trees along the right of way hold one's attention: most of them are either gnarled stumps with fresh switches springing out, or long, naked, gangling trunks with feathery wisps of green at the tops—trees such as one has seen in paintings by French masters. French farmers harvest their tree limbs as Americans harvest fruit. The stronger limbs may be used as bean poles or other supports. Smaller ones are made into charcoal. Even the smallest twigs are bound into faggots. Ordered bundles of fuel are piled against farmhouse walls.

The train stops at a station labeled "Bayeux," and one sees the three tall towers of the cathedral which shelters the famous Bayeux Tapestry, that remarkable eleventh century "motion picture" on fabric of scenes of the Norman Con-

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THE PANTHEON, A GOAL FOR TOURISTS IN PARIS

Standing over the tomb of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, the Pantheon is one of the noble buildings of a noble city. First a church, it was transformed into a temple of fame for the burial of the nation's great men in 1791, when Mirabeau's body was borne there, followed during the same year by that of Voltaire. After fifteen years it was transformed into a church again, remaining such until 1830, when it became a temple of fame once more, with the words, "To great men by a grateful country," inscribed upon its pediment. Once more it was transformed into a church in 1851, remaining a place of worship until 1885, when it was secularized again for the obsequies of Victor Hugo (see Bulletin No. 4).

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Vigo: Port of Spanish Armadas of Commerce

RECENTLY New York welcomed a shiny, new liner on her maiden voyage. It was a Spanish steamship, equipped with the latest oil-burning engines and luxurious cabins and lounges.

Officers announced that the home port of the new liner was Vigo, Spain. Entrance of Vigo into the ranks of transatlantic ports, competing with Southampton, Liverpool, Cherbourg, Hamburg, and Le Havre, is due, in part, to the aid of American capital for port facilities. Vigo extends the promise of shortening the trip from New York to Paris.

Clinging to a hillside overlooking the Rio de Vigo, a Galician fiord which pierces the northwest coast of Spain for a distance of nearly 19 miles, Vigo City and its magnificent harbor give an impression of beauty and romance. Vigo gives little suggestion of commercial possibilities.

Sunken Treasure and Sea Battles

Summer mornings many hundreds of tourists may be seen picking their way carefully down the steep narrow streets toward the popular bathing beaches. Enhancing the charm of the old town are two ancient and obsolete forts, perched on the hill upon which it is built. Higher mountains rise in the distance to form an impressive background for the entire scene.

To Vigo's harbor cling tales of the sort the small boy likes to hear in the twilight by the open fireplace—tales of mighty sea battles, and sunken treasure, and even a lurking suggestion of Captain Kidd! Some of these stories lie on the borderland of history and fade almost imperceptibly into legend.

Of course, Admiral Benbow is highly authentic. During the War of the Spanish Succession the French sent a naval expedition to the West Indies to help protect a homeward bound Spanish fleet of silver laden vessels. Whereupon the English sent that doughty old seadog, John Benbow, to intercept the French, if he could, in West Indian waters. There he had made a reputation, when but a youth, in encounters with Salee pirates.

What Happened to the Silver Bullion? Three Guesses

Admiral Benbow did not find the French fleet, but he sighted a squadron of French vessels and gave chase. The captains of nearly all his ten vessels mutinied. His personal courage compelled the support of the officers on his flagship, the *Breda*, and he continued the pursuit. On the fourth day he was severely wounded in the leg. The moment the flow of blood was checked he returned to the quarter deck. He implored his officers, in case he should be shot down, to "behave like men and fight it out."

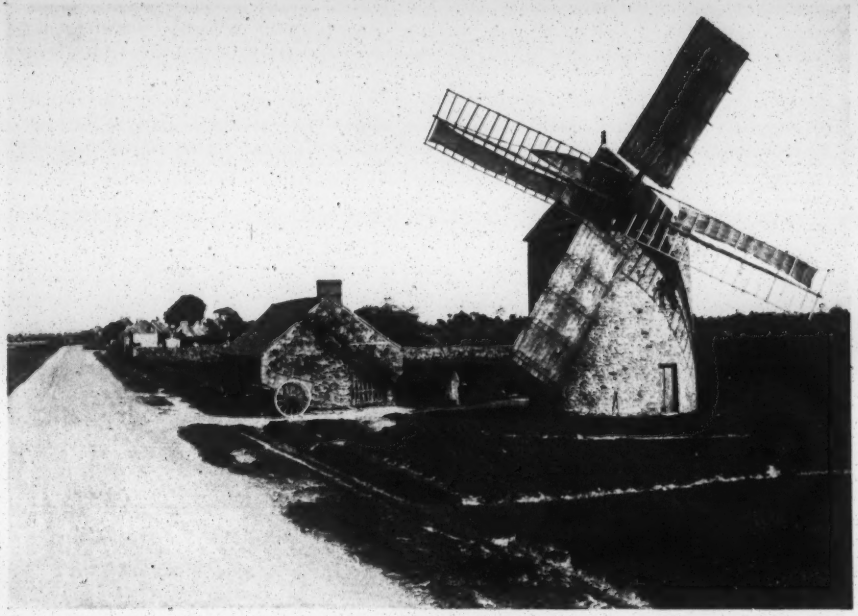
Meanwhile the Spanish "silver fleet" put in at Vigo, behind the protecting islands at the harbor's entrances. An English-Dutch fleet at Cadiz got wind of that fact and scurried to attack the treasure ships. Most of the Spanish ships were sunk. But reports on the disposal of their coveted cargo differ. One account states that a million pounds' worth of silver was taken away by the victorious fleet, other accounts say practically all the silver had been brought to shore, while a third contention is that much of it went down with the Spanish ships.

quest. So well proportioned are the towers that one does not realize their great height and size until one notices how doll-like the houses are beside them.

Easy to Read Names of Stations

The boat-train swings past many small stations without stopping. Their names are announced in letters several feet high painted on water tanks or warehouse walls. Packages of freight and express litter the station platforms. There are vegetables in crates, and boxes with unguessable contents. But chiefly there are barrels and kegs, baskets of bottles packed in straw, and queerly-shaped demijohns, also straw-encased.

Bulletin No. 4, March 7, 1927.



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ON THE FAMOUS ROADS OF FRANCE

To American tourists familiar with the wooden houses in the United States, the stone houses of the French countryside are its distinguishing feature. This scene is in the low country of Brittany, where windmills remind the traveler of Holland. The two-wheel cart standing by the house is characteristic of France.

Vessels to South America Stop at Vigo

The last-mentioned theory does not find much historical support, but it is the one upon which numerous fortune hunters have worked in their efforts to recover the supposedly lost treasure.

Many steamships plying between Europe and South America stop at Vigo. The city has shipbuilding plants and exports sardines. It has paper, flour and saw mills, sugar and petroleum refineries, distilleries, tanneries and soap factories. Its population at present is about 53,000, having doubled in seven years.

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A BULL FIGHT IN THE VILLAGE OF NORTH SPAIN

Even the villages in Spain must have at least one bull fight every year, on the festival of the patron saint of the locality. The arena, or "plaza de toros," in the small towns is often rather crudely improvised, however. The national sport is as popular in the Basque provinces as elsewhere in Spain. This photograph shows the long blouses worn by Basque laborers.